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For the Children of France.
France has won her new glory at terrible cost. The lives of her defenders, gladly given, have not paid the score in full. Their children, robbed by devotion of their birthright, succed to a heritage of want and orphanage. Shall they, offspring of heroes, pass unheeded before our eyes?
Their need is immediate. It will continue. The sons and daughters of men whose fidelity and valor decreed their death under the burden of necessity in the presence of those to whom their motherland gave LAFAYETTE. Were gratitude dead, admiration for courage non-existent, the obligation of humanity would answer for America.
Respect, affection, the debt of a nation succored in its infancy, the unending instincts of humane men, unite to sustain the cause of the orphans of France. Men of sympathy and wisdom have undertaken to marshal the resources of a country that must give much. Their appeal is before the readers to-day; the answer must be in proportion to the nobility of the design and the high worthiness of the purpose it discloses.

The Mexican Protocol.
The protocol signed by the Mexican and American Commissioners at Atlantic City has yet to be ratified by General CARRANZA, who may or may not be the "Strong Man" that the Hon. FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE proclaims him to be, but who is certainly obstinate. If conditions are deemed satisfactory General PERRIN's force is to be withdrawn from Mexico in forty days. The protection of the border remains "in statu quo." That is, it is left to each country to act independently of the other, as now. Probably this would continue for a long time to mean, in practice, that we should have to do the necessary patrolling ourselves. VENTURANO CARRANZA, who is fighting battles with VILLA, has few men to spare for border police work.

Unrecognized Maniaes.
The recent fatal attack on a defenseless woman by an insane man brings to mind many instances of sudden and violent assaults, usually with fatal results, attempted by persons who were regarded as sane, or at least as eccentric. Last summer a flagrant example of this kind was published as having occurred in Chicago. A colored man suddenly became insane and after killing several neighbors locked himself in his house, resisting a large police force until he was himself killed by the policemen. Within the memory of many now living the wife of an eminent physician in this city suddenly became insane and shot her beautiful children and herself.
To prevent such appalling incidents a movement is now on foot to establish bureaus of mental hygiene in various American cities.

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diminished cost. Many suspicious cases would be placed under treatment before they menace the community. Aside from the protection against the unsuspected mentally deranged, there would be offered better opportunity for successful treatment and for returning of curable cases to their homes and occupations. The feeble minded especially demand constant supervision, because though seemingly harmless they may suddenly manifest violent derangement resulting in destruction of life and property.

Tagore and His Gospel.
The reports of the addresses delivered in this city by Sir RAJENDRANATH TAGORE are not wholly coherent, but this may not be the fault of the reporters, one of whom says:
"His talk was made up of beautiful fragments, which in themselves would have been incomprehensible. But it was as a whole, not as fragments, that they were received."
Taking the fragments as a whole and regarding them fixedly, albeit with reverence, we make out the Indian's gospel to be somewhat as follows:
"The world is made of restless molecules and atoms, science teaches us, and this is true, but molecules and atoms are not the world we know. Science says that the stars move upon appointed courses, but to us they often seem to be motionless points of light in the vault of heaven. Science is analytical and destructive; while accepting its truth we have to insist upon the reality of our own perceptions, for, after all, it is in the world of our own perceptions that our lives are lived. The finite world we know and the infinite world we faintly discern or courageously postulate exist always in a perfect and unchanging relation. Our little existences on earth are held in the embrace of infinity as a child is held in its mother's encircling arms.
That, or something very like it, is the preaching of this man of the East, we take it. If so, he brings no new message to us. The Western philosophers have generally premised much the same things, but they have not reached Tagore's conclusions.
Since all these truths are so, says TAGORE, let us seek first and always joy—the realization of life in its fullness. Thus speaks the East, at once subtle and gross, ascetic and sensual, mystical and devoted to Nirvana, with nothingness as its avatar. But the East is the East and the West is the West. Our races were not bred in this tradition; our teachers have never spurred us with such doctrine. Rather have we been taught to seek the realization of life in a single supreme principle of conduct summed up in a little word. That word which thrills the heart and nerves the will is "Duty."

Some Dinner Menus.
From the American Gastronomer, whose collection of menu cards we have heretofore brought to the attention of our readers, we have received a book planned, composed and published by himself, divided about equally between reproductions of interesting and elaborate bills of fare and recipes. Mr. LEHNER exhibited his collection—and it compares favorably with the interesting exhibit in the New York Public Library—at the San Francisco exposition. No more appropriate spot for its examination could be chosen; San Francisco is famous for its intelligent devotion to good food, its thoroughly admirable cooks, and its continuing good sense in ministering to the inner man.
We wish we could give unqualified approval to Mr. LEHNER's recipes. Most of them are excellent; some we have not attempted; but we are grieved to find him falling into the monstrous error of saying that the head and shoulder and middle cuts of large fish "are as a rule considered decidedly better" than the tail piece "except in the making of fish entrees, when the tail piece is often preferred." Whence his strange and indefensible doctrine? Mr. LEHNER ought to know that the tail piece of the fish is far and away superior in flavor, in firmness of flesh, in all that we seek in fish, to any other portion; and this holds true with respect to all fish, large, little and the ones that get away. Moreover, Mr. LEHNER countenances the pollutive practice of cutting up lettuce; we will wager that not on any of the menus he treasures will he find such an atrocity.
If we are obliged to find fault with the American Gastronomer on account of these faults, the menus he lays before us are no cause for a quarrel. They recall history, restore our recollection of geography, transport us into the happy realm of the great and the good. Here is the White House dinner in honor of Prince HENRY OF Prussia; ROOSEVELT was President, OGDEN Governor, Low Mayor, when it was eaten on February 24, 1902; Prince HENRY was on a mission to strengthen the German influence in the United States; does he eat now with a menu made in France before he must in fact if not in name, France and her artists, notwithstanding Kultur and Teutonic efficiency, in good cooking rule the kitchens of the world.
Mayor McCLINTOCK looks very young in his portrait on the cover of the menu devised when the Lotus Club entertained him; he was Mayor then. The Amen Corner is represented by that 1903 production which exhibited the cross-country runners of its roster in their usual perfect physical condition, seated in their favorite training quarters. From the cover of the card for the inaugural ball supper of March 4, 1901, McKINLEY and ROOSEVELT look upon us. In 1905 Prince Louis of Battenberg visited us; Miss Liberty, with a four funnel warship and Manhattan behind her.

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was selected to decorate his menu. Four years before that Rear Admiral REMY and the Captain and officers of the cruiser Brooklyn were entertained at Sydney by the Americans there established; the eagle on their red, white and blue shield looks very black and proud enough for a fight or a frolic.
Let us go afield. In 1884 the Emperor WILLIAM I. gave a great dinner to the officers of foreign nations at Cologne. A vignette of the Imperial host tops a shield on which are displayed the coats of arms of seventeen nations; the foods and wines are listed in French. WILLIAM had a plainer card at Versailles in 1870; the dishes were probably as palatable. The Prince of Wales dined at Carnarvon Castle April 25, 1908, much too heavily, we should say. The port was of 1847. King MILAN of Serbia had turtle soup, salmon with Hollandaise sauce, filet of beef, lobster, mutton and other things at the royal palace in Belgrade in 1887. Mr. LEHNER shows a menu, table plan and musical programme from the Austrian court for a dinner of ninety. Moderation and good taste are the characteristics of the feast; the wine list is not shown. The King of Portugal sat at the right of the Emperor.
In 1902 the Berlin Rowing Club, composed of Englishmen, entertained the Sheriff of the county of the city of Cork, AUGUSTINE ROCHE, Esq., without mutton. But in far off Teheran mutton holds its place, and we suppose there are persons there who like it. We find Ireland, England and Scotland united in a toast on the cover of the menu and toast list of the "banquet in honor of the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M. P., Chief Secretary for Ireland," on December 4, 1890; his Grace the Duke of Fife, K. T., in the chair.
We have omitted the lists of establishments at these interesting functions. What good purpose does a menu serve? If the food is worthy it needs no advertisement; if it is not, no strange and baffling description will redeem it. The Lehnner collection is interesting; palatable food is a joy.

Sunday on the Screen.
About 1,600,000 men, women and children go to the motion picture theatres of New York every Sunday. They see many productions that are not worth watching, some that are admirable in conception and execution, and very few against which it can fairly be charged that their tendency is demoralizing. Under the conditions surrounding urban dwellers, the Sunday motion picture theatre seems to be as innocuous an amusement as could be devised.
Few citizens to-day hold that Sunday should be a day stripped of amusements. In few households is the strict observance of the day as a time of worship only maintained. Yet the statutes, as interpreted by the Appellate Court, say that the motion picture theatres must be closed from Saturday to Monday. The Court of Appeals will pass on the question in time and may come to a different conclusion, and if it does not the Legislature should amend the Penal Law to make plain that the movies are not included among interdicted exercises or shows.
Sunday movies may not always be instruments of moral and intellectual regeneration and uplift, but they are infinitely preferable to the relaxation thousands of their patrons might seek if they were discontinued.

Amazing Versatility in a Georgia Prognosticator.
The very cover of Snider's Cyclone Almanac, published at Griffin, Georgia, is convincing. It shows the author, Professor A. L. SNIDER, in evening clothes, with silk top and a gold headed cane. No prophet nor sure of his weather would go around in such garb, as we feel sure Professor SNIDER must go. Quite the dress for a man whose weather predictions are "known from Rabun's Gap to Tybee Light, from Tybee Light to Hell's Gate, New York." Maybe Hell's Gate is Broadway, but the sever mentions that sinister street more specifically further on in the almanac:
"On January 24, 1925, there will occur a grand total eclipse of the sun on Broadway, New York."
The discrimination against Fifth avenue and other thoroughfares is not explained, but let Broadway prepare, because the Professor invariably gets things right:
"The people in general say I am the best young weather prophet in this country. I studied under the Rev. J. H. Hicks of St. Louis for sixteen years, and now I am one of his best weather prophets. After thirty years of observations I have some secret signs on the weather that I have never known to fail. January will be wet, cold and stormy."
On a June day, no matter how fair it be, if Professor SNIDER sees his old black sheep with a white face jumping up and capering around with her tail held straight in the air he knows it is going to rain. February will be a cold, wet and stormy. Perhaps as a guide to Georgia swains, the almanac-maker prints A Love Letter to My Sweetheart, beginning:
"DEAR MISS BESSIE: The first time that I saw you I fell in love with you, for I saw that you were an aristocrat or one of the four hundred. I always admired an aristocratic lady and you said that you loved a man that was a good talker."
March will be cold, wet and stormy. The Professor is glad that PEARY discovered the North Pole, although he once met Dr. COOK. A bit of a hero worshiper, dear SWANNA:
"I would like to meet Policeman HAN-

nan, who was with the Greeley expedition, but who now lives in Atlanta, Georgia, and is on the police force."
Besides Dr. COOK, Professor SNIDER saw the Chicago Fair and HALLER's comet, which he considered inferior to the comet of 1892. April, in Georgia at least, will be wet and warm. The author is strong for woman suffrage:
"Come with me up twenty flights of steps and enter into a miserable basement. A woman sits there with unkempt hair, sewing. Sixteen children are grouped around her crying for bread. This woman was once the belle of Solomon street. There she sits, sewing twenty shirts for a nickel. Man alone is to blame for all of this, for man is a sneak."
May in Georgia will be dry and hot, but no more crisp than the verse with which SWANNA fills up the gaps in the almanac:
"For I get up early, I get up soon, I get my predictions out of the moon. I lay flat on my back And watch the stars and moon, And I see the meteors shooting alligators. Which indicates foul weather is coming soon."
It seems hard to believe that commercialism could exist in a mind like this, but the sad evidence is here:
"If any medicine company wants to buy out the almanac while it is young you can get it for two thousand dollars a year."
Yet only a page further those sor-did words are forgotten when Professor SNIDER reverts to type:
"Tip Toe Snapping Turtle, second cousin to the one who turned over on Hawk Bill Panther Pile! Hip, boys, here I come. Death in one hand and no money in the other. Across the Falls of Crookix I rode a streak of lightning through the crab apple orchard."
HUCK FINN heard such language as that from the two roustabouts on the raft, but they were of the lower element, while the Professor is a Georgia scientist with a dress suit and a gold headed cane.
June will be hot and wet.

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THE PRIMA DONNA.
The prima donna, Mrs. Roxane, had sent for this young man with the design to engage him as an intermediary between herself and the public. The young man, who had red hair and a quieter but equally forceful personality, wanted \$200 a week for the task. Although the prima donna was earning twice that she did not feel that she could pay him so much. Her position was difficult, for he was the best—what you call?—press agent in the business.
She thought of several expedients, such as marrying him, but they did not seem promising. At length, with a sigh, she decided to give him a cash advance, she promised to pay him the stipulated sum.
The red haired young man took her check and departed. A few days later the woman was astonished to learn that Mrs. Roxane was suspected of being a spy. How absurd! But equally, how interesting. Details of her position were coming out, and it was perceived by all that she must have a future. Pending its arrival people went to hear her in the present. Successfully the prima donna had jilted a European prince, was going to become an American and run for Congress in Wyoming, would fly from Boston to Philadelphia in a monoplane, had refused to sing laude because of the German music, was the real owner of the Creusot works and was growing enormously rich manufacturing munitions, and had bought the entire contents of the Davanzali Palace, had invented a new type of submarine, was to sing before the Mutual Welfare League at Ossining, N. Y., had gone to court because the man next door sang "Die Wacht am Rhein," and was about to live with the gypsies so that she might do Carmen justice.
At the end of the season, with the ink drying on a contract for \$30,000 a year, Mrs. Roxane met her press representative. He pointed out that her contract called for enough more money to pay the whole bill for her services. Mrs. Roxane thanked him and expressed her wonder at his capabilities. He explained that the secret was partly in his never having had her jewels lost or stolen. He knew she was tired—in fact, a nervous wreck—but she must begin work with him a few weeks and work all summer if she expected not only to make more money but to be yet more popular next winter and get a still bigger contract a year hence. Mrs. Roxane mumbled a little, but asked at length to know the worst.
"I have made all the arrangements," replied the press agent smoothly. "You are to go into the movies. Now hold on! It's really quite easy work."
TREES KILLED BY GAS.
The death of many trees in the streets and parks of New York, usually ascribed to poor soil or parasites, is largely due to atmospheric conditions, according to a report of the Massachusetts botanist, George E. Stone, in an article in the Journal of the New York Botanical Garden he says that here are to be found